

THE DAWN.

NO. 3.

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“Cultivation is as necessary to the mind, as food is to the body.”

“If good we plant not, vice will fill the place;
And rankest weeds the richest soils deface.”

Our correspondent “ROSA” has neglected to fulfil her promise. We hope that she will yet adorn the columns of our paper by her productions.

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We have received several communications, some of which we have laid by for insertion in future numbers, and others we shall consign to oblivion. We wish at least to publish *common* sense, which we are certain we should not do were we to insert some pieces we have on hand; yet we would by no means discourage any person attempting to write. Try it again, and ere long you may produce something that will be really meritorious, and contribute much to the gracefulness of the DAWN.

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FOR THE DAWN.

MR. EDITOR,—Young and inexperienced as I am at *composition*, I am nevertheless desirous of addressing the youth of our Borough on a subject which I deem of great importance.

That there is a disposition manifested by some of them for “attaining literary wealth” is evident; but, alas! far, far the greater part of them I am sorry to observe, employ their time in those things which profit not. Instead of turning their attention to the improvement of the mind by every means in their power, they are abusing the privileges they enjoy, and misapplying the talents with which their Maker has blessed them. Instead of endeavoring to “reach Parnassus’ heights” and extinguish every vestige of vice and immorality, they are engaging in scenes of riot, dissipation and debauchery. Once the young men of our Borough were moral, upright and amiable, but how have they degenerated!—alas! they have become familiar with vice in its greatest depravity, and now love those scenes which they once considered so

despicable, and would have shunned him who engaged in them, as they would the bite of an adder.

Some, if they would but express themselves as they feel, would doubtless tell us "we have been persuaded by our companions, and thought it no great harm to have a little *pleasure*; we have engaged in them once, again will not hurt us; and thus have we been led on from one degree of iniquity to another, until we now love it, and it would be hard for us to forsake them now." Just so it is, and how justly applicable to your case is that sentiment of Pope expressed in the following lines.

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with his face
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Now ye who are just commencing your career of dissipation, and think there is no danger of your becoming so abandoned and profligate as those who have tried it before, permit me to tell you, you are on the brink of an awful precipice, and take heed, lest in an unguarded moment that fell destroyer *INTEMPERANCE* will lower you in the estimation of those around you, and finally plunge you to irrecoverable woe!!

To return to the older champions in iniquity:—I would ask, are you insensible of the dagger which you point at the destruction of your parent's happiness?—are you determined to pursue those *delusive phantoms of sensual enjoyment* at the expense of bringing down the gray hairs of your Parents with sorrow to the grave?—Oh! forbid it Heaven! Thou who ridest in the whirlwind, and whose wrath is justly incensed at their abuse of thy mercies—withhold the thunder of thy vengeance; stay the flash of the red-winged lightning; deal not with them as they deserve, but show them the error of their ways and grant that they may quickly return to the path of rectitude from which they have so far wandered!!

And thou, Montalbert, recal to mind the scene of thy Father's death-bed, and canst thou reconcile thy present conduct with the admonitions which flowed from his quivering lips?—Could his spirit look down from its ethereal habitation and behold thy actions, how would they pierce him! Though we need not digress so far—see thy widowed Mother whose head is blossoming for the grave, and whose haggard features give evidence of approaching dissolution! partly caused by thy disobedience

of her commands, and thy inattention to the moral and religious instruction which thou hast received from her.

Be advised by one who desires thy welfare, to consider thy ways, and determine that henceforth, instead of embittering her life by thy folly, thou wilt sweeten her declining years by thy exemplary conduct, that when the grim messenger DEATH shall summon her to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," she may calmly resign her spirit, anticipating that happy period when she shall meet thee, the beloved of her bosom, in that world where you may spend an eternity of bliss together.

TYRO.



A Quaker Preacher whose name was *Withee*, dining with his friend *Bacon*, requested leave after the repast was over to smoke a segar: 'yes,' replied his friend, "and I will smoke *Wi-thee*"—Then returned the Preacher, "I will smoke *Bacon*."

If while you are young, and bad habits are weak in you, you have not strength of mind to conquer them, how will you be able to do it, when they have acquired strength by length of time and practice? If you do not find yourself now disposed to look into the state of your mind, and to repent and reform while there is less to set right, how will you bring yourself hereafter to examine your own heart, when all is confusion within, and nothing fit to be looked into? Or how will you bring yourself to repent and reform, when there will be so much to set right, that you will not know where to begin?

It will take some time to raise your fortune in a fair way, and to fit you for a better world: it will therefore be proper to begin a course of industry and piety as early as possible.

DIED in this Borough, on Monday evening last, after a severe illness of about thirty-six hours, Mr. JOHN D. LOCKERMAN, in the 21st year of his age, eldest son of the late John Lockerman, Esq. of Thoroughfare Neck, New Castle County, Del.

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For the Dawn.

I believe there are few characters in life more disgusting than that of a sloven. A fop excites mirth by the ridiculous attention which he pays to his dress; but a sloven inspires only aversion by his neglect, not only of dress, but consequently of many other qualities necessary to ensure esteem and respect; for it has been observed that neglect of the person often brings with it neglect of the mind.

Such a character is Julian. With advantages enjoyed by few, and parents as respectable as worth and independence of fortune can make them, he is noted wherever he goes, for his malpropete. His father, a most excellent man, and a sincere christian, is deservedly esteemed for his good sense, sobriety, honesty, and attention to business. Julian is his reverse. His natural understanding is good, but he suffers it to lie dormant, and it is buried as it were, under the weight of his bad habits. He walks about with his beard unshaved, his hair uncombed, his hat slouched; awkward in his gait, and unpolished in his manners, he is a picture, from the contemplation of which we turn with disgust. Happy would it be for the unfortunate youth, were these its darkest shades! His mind formed for virtue and every noble sentiment, and which, had he cultivated it aright, might have brought forth the richest fruits, what has it produced but the bitter weeds of disobedience and sloth! His companions are of the lowest class; and among females sometimes of the infamous. With his father's apprentice he is hail fellow! well met. His father sees all this with anguish of heart, and it will, if continued much longer, bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. But, what shall be done to reclaim him? Remonstrance, reproof, raillery and entreaties, have been tried equally in vain. They may have produced a temporary change; for, spite of all his irregularities, the native goodness of his heart and vigor of his understanding will sometimes appear; but, as "the dog returns again to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire," so, after the excitement that produced an apparent reformation has passed away, he sinks again into his former state, which, as the diminutive chains of habit grow tighter the longer they are worn, he finds it every day more and more difficult to escape from. Yet I do not despair of Julian, His reading has been extensive, and though in his haste

to gratify his love for it his choice of books has not always been of the most improving kind, yet many of them have been such as the most fastidious critic could not but approve. From these, would he but attend to them, he may learn to love, reverence, & imitate virtue, & to detest vice.

Arise! degenerate Julian, from that depth of sloth into which thou art sunk—thou art yet very young, and mayest retrieve thine errors—ask forgiveness of thy Maker for thy abuse of His gifts; and of thy father for having been so long the object of his grief and anxiety, instead of being the comfort and support of his declining years. Imitate his virtues and pardon his little failings, for who can boast exemption from them?

“Be grateful then to thy father, for he gave thee life, and to thy mother for she sustained thee. Hear the words of his mouth, for they are spoken for thy good; give ear to his admonition for it proceedeth from love.

“He hath watched for thy welfare, he hath toiled for thy ease, do honor therefore to his age, and let not his gray hairs be treated with irreverence.

“Forget not thy helpless infancy, nor the frowardness of thy youth and indulge the infirmities of thy aged parents; assist and support them in the decline of life.”

MONITOR,

[SELECTED.]

THE GOOD HUSBAND.

The good husband is one, who, wedded not by interest but by choice, is constant as well from inclination as from principle; he treats his wife with delicacy as a woman, with tenderness as a friend: he attributes her follies to her weakness, her imprudence to her inadvertency; he passes them over therefore with good nature, and pardons them with indulgence; all his care and industry are employed for her welfare; all his strength and powers are exerted for her support and protection; he is more anxious to preserve his own character and reputation, because her's is blended with it: lastly, the good husband is pious and religious, that he may animate her faith by his practice, and enforce the precepts of Christianity by his own example: that as they join to promote each other's happiness in this world, they may unite together in one eternal joy and felicity in that which is to come.

Whoever anticipates trouble, will find he has thrown away a great deal of terror and anguish to no purpose.

FOR THE DAWN.

THE LONE LITTLE COT.

You go then, my Harry! far over the sea,
 'Tis not love, but ambition, that leads you from me,
 Ah! why do you leave me to wander for wealth,
 When all I require on earth, is yourself?

With thee, only thee, in some lone little cot,
 The world and its grandeur would all be forgot;
 For, grandeur can never true pleasure impart;
 It springs, my dear Harry! alone from the heart.

I would hang on thy smile—I would love thee alone—
 I would soothe all thy sorrows, and make them my own;
 I would share in thy joy—and adore the kind Heaven,
 That joy to the lot of my Harry had given.

And canst thou then leave me, when often you've said,
 That nought was so dear as thy own simple maid—
 And fly from the scenes of thy youth and thy love,
 From thy dear native land among strangers to rove?

Ah! dangers may wait thee; and fortune may frown;
 And then to the truth of my pleadings you'll own;
 But, far, far from Mary, if sad is thy lot
 In vain you may sigh, for the lone little cot.

Sweet innocent girl! could you look in my heart,
 A sight of its pangs to thy own would impart
 A pain more acute—a sensation more deep,
 Than the sorrow of parting, which Mary you weep.

Can you think then, ambition could lead me from thee—
 Or the pomp of the world, have allurements for me?
 Ah! little you know of this fond, faithful heart;
 When from thee, dearest girl! it is torture to part.

Oh! no—not the throne of a Cæsar I'd grasp—
 With the hand of an empress, in wedlock to clasp;
 No; dearer, far dearer, thy lone little cot,
 With an angel my bride, and an Eden my lot.

But, Mary—stern poverty parts me from thee;
 Thy love, and thy beauty, I feel I must flee;

I cannot involve thee sweet girl ! in distress,
Tho' to call thee my own, would be rapturous bliss.

I grieve dearest Mary ! that ever I strove
To awake in thy bosom a feeling of love ;
'Twas rashness—twas madness—but could I forbear,
When it triumphed o'er reason, when Mary was near ?

Dear innocent girl ! I would strive, but in vain—
To bid thee ne'er think of thy Harry again ;
If another, protection can give unto thee ;
To bid thee forget thou art plighted to me :

For still I will cherish thy love in my heart ;
From my bosom, thy image shall never depart ;
And if Heaven my arduous exertion will crown,
I'll claim thee dear Mary ! forever my own.

ROSALINE.

FOR THE DAWN.

To Miss. E***a B****y.

'Tis love ; yes, tis love—I feel it is so,
Or why should her presence alarm ?
Or why from her image should soft pleasures flow ?
Or why in her smile such a charm ?

Intelligence beams in her sparkling eye ;
Each virtue inhabits her mind ;
So graceful and lovely her elegant form ;
And her manners are soft and refin'd.

Oh ! could I win but thy favor sweet maid !
How faithful and constant I'd prove ;
No other could ever such tenderness feel ;
And thee, only thee would I love.

JULIUS.

FOR THE DAWN.

To M. P. on leaving her native country.

You go then, Mary—far away,
To seek a distant shore ;
And ah ! what dark forbodings say,
You may return no more.

If pleasure on thy steps attend,
Felicity thy lot,

Still think upon thy absent friend ;
Forget, forget me not.

If sorrow, or if anxious care,
Should be thy mournful lot ;
Oh ! when you shed the bitter tear,
Forget, forget me not.

And tho' sad years may intervene,
Ere again you view this spot ;
Yet oh ! retain the parting scene,
And oh ! forget me not.

ROSALINE.

For the Dawn.

THE PRISONER'S PETITION:—A PARODY.


Oh ! jailor art thou sleeping yet,
Or art thou waking I would wit ?
For, fetters bind me hand and feet,
And I would fain be loose now.
Oh ! haste and end this long night,
This long, long, long night ;
For pity's sake, this long night,
Oh ! haste and set me free now.

Out o'er the window and the door,
I've look'd this long and dreary hour,
To see the cheerful light once more,
And have my fetters loos'd now.
Oh ! haste &c.

The bitter whirlwind round me blows,
'The rain and hail in torrents fa's
Thou lazy loon, thou art the cause
Of keeping me in here now.
Oh ! haste &c.

Thou dost not hear the winter blast
That rattles through my prison fast ;
But, cheerful daylight's come at last,
And I shall soon be loose now.
Oh ! haste &c.

JULIO.

 All letters to the Editor must be post paid.